

## **i will always land on you (like a sucker punch). by uncaringerinn**

**Series:** [romance is dead \(i shot it in the chest, then in the head\)](#). [1]

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Billy's got a mouth on him, D/s undertones? maybe, M/M, Steve definitely appreciates it, and lots of heated looks, it's literally just a bunch of grinding and shittalking, these boys are nothing but trouble

**Language:** English

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

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**Summary:**

Steve didn't know it then, but this is how it starts, how he winds up drowning himself in Billy Hargrove with nothing but the moon and stars to stand witness.

**i will always land on you (like a sucker punch).**

It's well past sunset when he hears the faint growl of a familiar engine.

He should leave.

The temptation of being alone, of losing himself in the smell of wet earth and pine trees, was what lured him out here.

Here being the ass-end of Hawkins, Indiana, and it's stupid, really. He can smell dirt and evergreen by just stepping into his own backyard.

But this?

This is *different*.

The moon is bigger out here; the silence thicker. It's a dream he wants to lose himself in; to disassociate for just one goddamn minute without someone tugging on his apron strings or trying to coax him into admitting that he's hit rock bottom.

Steve clenches his eyes shut and hopes to Christ that Billy Hargrove will drive right on by without noticing the out-of-place luxury vehicle or the sad boy sprawled out across the hood.

He, of course, isn't that goddamn lucky.

Billy skids into the wide space of the dirt lot Steve's parked in, kills the engine in the breath of a heartbeat.

Steve hears the click of a car door, the flick of a lighter.

Billy's inhale kicks Steve squarely in the gut.

"What the fuck is wrong with the people in this fucking town?" Billy asks, voice surprisingly quiet considering he's actively trying to ruin Steve's pity party.

Steve sighs, eyes blinking at the stars behind his sunglasses, "Didn't you have a date with Judith tonight?"

There's a snort to Steve's right followed by the sound of dirt-muffled steps, "Turns out she's not my type. Went ahead and put her out to pasture." Billy laughs a little, like he's in on some stupid private joke.

"So why," Steve begins, feeling a throb build at his temples, "Are you out here bothering me?"

Billy leans forward, propping his elbows against the hood of the Beemer. "You know, it almost sounds like you're not happy to see me, Harrington."

Steve tilts his head to face Billy; the movement causing his sunglasses to slip down his nose just the slightest bit. Brown eyes peak out over the edge of the lenses, glinting in the moonlight, "Oh, really? I can't imagine *why*."

Billy smirks at him and Steve's stomach takes a nosedive.

There's a lengthy pause as they stare at one another and Steve thinks that Billy might actually back off and leave him to his misery.

Instead, Billy makes an obscene show of licking his lips and blows smoke right in Steve's face.

Steve clenches his teeth, but only turns his face away from Billy to look back up at the stars. He's not doing this tonight. He's too tired, wrung-out and left to dry. He is *not* getting in a fight with Billy Hargrove.

"Get lost, shitstain," Steve says, sounding as exhausted as he feels.

Billy doesn't move, doesn't even offer some shitty retort, but Steve can *feel* Billy's eyes crawl over him, invasive and searching. Steve doesn't care for the way it makes him feel, like Billy can carve him open and leave his guts to spill out on the dirt.

"You deaf? I said *get lost*."

It must be the tone of Steve's voice, agitation bleeding into petty insults and a short dismissal, but suddenly a firm grip settles around Steve's wrist, pinning his arm to the hood of his car. Steve uses his free hand to snatch his sunglasses from his face, "What the *fuck*?"

“Do I have your undivided attention now, pretty boy?” Billy asks, serious as a heart attack and just as deadly. Steve tries to wrestle his arm out of Billy’s grasp, but the other boy is unyielding.

Mouth going dry, Steve watches as Billy takes his still-lit cigarette and hovers it over the crease of Steve’s elbow; the orange glow barely illuminating the soft, translucent skin and threading, pale-blue veins.

Steve swallows, no spit to slick his throat, and grits, “Do it, asshole. I *dare* you.”

Billy trails tongue over teeth, says, “It would scar *real* pretty, Harrington. Give you something to remember me by.”

“Do. It.” Steve repeats, sick of empty threats and Billy’s *bullshit*.

But Billy doesn’t play along; he flicks his cigarette into the dirt and wraps his hand around Steve’s throat.

He hauls Steve from the hood of the Beemer in a single swift movement, uses his strength to press Steve against the passenger door. Steve realizes too late that he’s more than a little hard and Billy’s thigh, all muscle wrapped in too-tight denim, is pressing snugly between Steve’s own.

“You wanna know what I think, pretty boy?” Billy prompts, like he doesn’t feel the stiff line of Steve’s cock pressed against his leg.

“I don’t give a *shit* what you think-“

“I think you’re turned inside-out, all wound-up with no way to bring yourself back down.” The hand on Steve’s throat tightens in the barest way and Billy shoves further into Steve’s space. “Bet you haven’t gotten your dick wet since Wheeler left you high and dry. But you’re lucky I’m so generous, and I’m feeling more than a little charitable tonight. I can loosen your screws, baby.”

Steve’s eyes narrow; his hips shift, pushing back against Billy, erection be damned. “You gonna get on your knees for me, huh? It would almost be worth it to get you to *shut the fuck up*.”

“That’s alotta shitty talk for a guy who’s leaking in his jeans,” Billy

says, baby-blue gaze eying Steve's mouth. "You like it rough, Harrington? Bruises and blood get your panties wet?"

"Jesus *Christ*," Steve swears, hand coming up to tangle in the fabric of Billy's shirt, "You must really like the sound of your own voice."

Billy leans in, lips ghosting over Steve's own, "Oh, honey, I'm going to *fuck you up*."

The kiss is fucking *filthy*. Billy catches Steve's bottom lip between his teeth; a sharp sting followed by the red-hot taste of blood. Billy's tongue slips into Steve's mouth, slick and smooth and sinful, and Steve just opens wider, wants Billy to crawl inside him and shatter him to bits and pieces.

A grind of rough denim where they're joined at the hips and Steve finally registers the firm press of Billy's cock lining up against his own. This isn't anything like being with a girl; there isn't any softness, no quiet sighs and hitching gasps. This is violent, jagged and mean.

Steve has never been so hard in his entire life.

The hand on Steve's throat slides up, grabs his jaw as Billy pulls back. "Jesus, you're sweet." Billy murmurs, pupils blown wide, lips pink and damp. "You could give me a stomachache from all your sugar."

Steve's voice is raw, words scraped over gravel, "You sweet talking me, Hargrove? Didn't think that was your style."

Billy laughs, thick and deep, right in Steve's ear and follows it with a slow, dirty roll of his hips. Steve moans, feels Billy lick over his pulse. Hot, everything sticks to his skin, sweat and spit. Steve's a mess, nothing but shivering bones wrapped in fever.

Billy knows, can see Steve hanging on by a fraying thread, "You close?" Billy asks, a soft-harsh whisper painted against Steve's jaw. "You gonna come for me?"

"Yeah." Steve head tips back, hips rutting against Billy's, "*Fuck*."

Billy slots his mouth with Steve's, smothers his own groan in the

flush press of slick lips. Steve arches, eyes fluttering shut as pleasure boils over, splits him open.

“Christ, look at you.” Billy’s hand comes up, slides through Steve’s hair, fists it at the roots, “I’ve never seen anything so fucking pretty.”

Steve’s chest is heaving, can’t catch his breath. He pulls Billy closer, widening the space between his legs to make room, “Your turn.”

Billy obliges, for once in his goddamn life, and cants his hips once, twice, and spills over.

In the aftermath, they lean against one another; Steve’s hand still clenched in Billy’s shirtfront and Billy’s still wrapped in Steve’s hair.

Steve rests his head against the roof of his car, finds himself staring up at the sky for the umpteenth time that night, wonders how they’re going to end this.

“Hey,” Billy rasps, all blue eyes and long lashes, “Look at me.”

So Steve does, knows he’s fucked.

Their eyes lock, moth to a torchlight, it’s over.

Billy says, “You get like this again, and I’ll know. Don’t make me hunt you down.”

“I didn’t come out here for you,” Steve responds, “For *this*.” He makes a gesture between the two of them.

Billy shifts, back steps towards the Camaro. “I’ll *know*, Harrington,” Billy repeats, like he didn’t hear a goddamn word Steve said, like Billy’s the only one who can unwind the knots Steve creates within himself.

And that’s *bullshit*, Steve wants to think, but he’s little more than lukewarm jelly now, brain fuzzy and muscles slack. He watches Billy’s taillights fade in the distance and misses the feeling of a hand wrapped around his throat.

**Author’s Note:**

hey, hey. this is part of a series now, because apparently, that's where i'm at with my life.

title comes from 'novocaine', series title comes from 'the music or the misery', both are by fall out boy. fall out boy actually has a shitload of songs that pretty spot on for these assholes and i am def taking advantage.

anyway, enjoy this complete and utter shitshow, and if you wanna come talk to me, i'm on tumblr with the same name.